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as many artists and sold by auction, and the total income goes to the Library Committee to be expended in the purchase of books and other objects belonging to literature. The library contains the most complete collection of costume books ever brought together, as well as volumes on many other subjects, including a large number relating to the history of the Dauphin, also a set of the writings of Alexandre Dumas and other *éditions de luxe*, many of them beautifully illustrated. During the winter season a great many open discussions on all sorts of topics are held, ranging from Mystic Lore to Military Tactics.

Once a year a dinner is given in honor of a distinguished member of the craft and at the opening of the Winter season there is the Get-together Dinner, followed at the close of the season by the Get-away Dinner. By this time the Salmagundi has become one of the most improving agencies in the artistic world. "Strength levels ground and art makes a garden there."

Josephus

ART AND ARTISTS

To the Editor—

The great epoch of art in old Greece was in the time of Praxiteles. It reached perfection, not in the great artists it produced, but in the art appreciation the artists received all round from the people, which made them great. All of Greece looked for their expression with love, whether in sculpture, painting, poetry or architecture. There was a great fête when any sculptor announced one of his pieces finished. It was placed in public where it could be seen by all, open for criticism and admiration. The people were educated in art and showed interest in it. Thus through their works the artists communicated directly with the people.

We should have a public place, in the heart of every city in America, where business men and women could go in and out and spend a few of their leisure moments in finding recreation in viewing works of art.

Do not have juries of selection or put up pictures of great collectors and dealers, only in order to further their business interests. But take the artists, either in alphabetical order or in districts, and let the people judge. Have laymen hang the pictures—and you will probably say that we shall have some funny experiences; but I believe it would be a very little time before the people will be called upon to judge pictures as well as other municipal affairs. Then and not until then will the artist paint some essential idea and will really talk to the masses. Art should belong to the people. They should feel that artists speak to them.

On a recent tour through Florence the writer had an opportunity to listen to some American tourists at the Uffizi Gallery. Two young men came to the gallery ten minutes before the closing time. One of the young men looked at his watch and said "Ten minutes; do you think, Jack, we can do it?" "O, yes" replied Jack, and they fairly ran across the gallery, looking right and left. Surely they "did it"; but it did not do them much good. Some of our visitors go into the galleries and taking a catalogue look only for well-known names. The pictures themselves are only of secondary interest to them. For

this reason let us abolish the catalogue from the municipal galleries, so that the people may become educated to look at the picture and judge it for themselves. Let all artists sign their names legibly. From these galleries also let us abolish the art instructor, leaving entirely to the people the judgment of good art. Then our art critics will not have to write against cubists and other "ists," for the people will be sufficiently educated to condemn work that is not art.

A few years ago a young farmer came to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and seeing a student copying there, said "Excuse me; I would like to ask you a question. Are you paid by the day or by the piece?" The student replied "I am not paid at all." The farmer shook his head and looked with astonishment, saying "Well, well!" wondering, I suppose, what the poor devil lived upon!

It is generally accepted by the people that the artists belong to the leisure class. But this idea would soon disappear if the people could see that our mission in art is to ennoble them. How can we ennoble them if we do not reach them? Perhaps there would not be so many criminals if people could learn more of æsthetic pleasures. The American Federation of Arts is doing excellent work in sending out exhibitions to the different cities and thus educating the people; but in addition each city should have its own gallery which should be open day and evening. These exhibitions should be changed every month, and only one picture of one artist should be exhibited. Thus every one would be given a hearing. Then surely we shall have progress in art.

Zelma Baylos

FRIENDS OF THE YOUNG ARTISTS

The fourth competition instituted by the Friends of the Young Artists for sketches and designs for a decoration to a theatre lobby brought out some of the most comical attempts to be "in the swim" and up to date which have appeared of late. They are shown at No. 8 West Eighth Street, New York and comprise prize-winners no less than thirteen—nefarious number! With three or four exceptions the 66 competitors present a diligence in producing absurd and ugly things worthy of a better cause. And when we find the premiated pieces—we are at a loss to understand the ways of a jury of award.

First prize of \$200 goes to Burton Keeler of New York for a design on gold ground, taken from Greek vase paintings without effective composition and raw in color. Second prize of \$150 is won by Miss Alice Riddle of Philadelphia with two absurd compositions made of figures such as a child cuts from colored paper and pastes on a piece of cardboard—the colors atrocious. Prize third, of \$100 is given to Robert C. Doran of New York for a design that is intended to be classical, the colors equally bad if less bold. These prizes are generously offered by Messrs. Otto H. Kahn, C. G. Charles and P. J. Baumgarten. They have good reason to murmur.

The prizes of \$25 each, handsomely offered by Mrs. H. P. Whitney, are bestowed on weak caricatures of modern cubistrie by C. Tingler, T. P. Slusser, Miss Marguerite Zosach, James Chapin, C. L. Boni, Stephen Zarich, Miss Hester Miller, Hugo Gellert and Miss Georgianna Brown, among which the designs of Messrs. Boni—"Alice in Won-

derland"—Hugo Gellert—figures in buff against a vermillion ground—and Stephen Zarich—three Bacchantes dancing the can-can—have any idea of composition. On the other hand Claude Buck, who gets no prize, has a noteworthy "Cupid and Psyche" and Wille Celestino and Celestino Gambo show a feeling for composition and no little sense of color. If a competition cannot be carried out with better results in the way of distributing prizes, it would be well for the Friends of Young Artists to find some other way to help beginners in art.

NEW YORK ART SCHOOLS AND THEIR METHODS

It would be as easy to define that perfect Art School which would be efficacious for all the student's needs as it would have been for Diogenes to find an honest man in broad daylight by the aid of a lantern. Not that both good schools and honest men do not exist, but, as the result of the quest of an artistic education is after all a personal equation, so the individual temperament must decide what is the most congenial atmosphere for its creative powers to blossom in. However, a résumé of some of the New York Art Schools might be of interest and service.

Of the many Art Schools to be found in New York City, the Art Students' League is the oldest and most famous institution of its kind. Not modern in the extreme sense of the word, as that term would be applied to the Modern Art School at Washington Square. But, besides having an academic tradition, it has added thereunto all the vital life and *libido* that is in the spirit of contemporary art.

Founded in 1875 by a group of enthusiastic students, the League has grown so rapidly that it has been obliged to move from Fifth Avenue to Twenty-third Street and in turn from Twenty-third Street to its present abode in the Fine Arts building on Fifty-seventh Street. It has numbered celebrated American painters among its pupils. The late William M. Chase was for many years an instructor at the Art Students' League and the Academic banner is still borne proudly aloft by Frank Vincent Du Mond.

The Miller Composition Class is the most advanced class in the school. In this class Mr. Miller gives the student free reign to drive in any of the artistic highways he chooses, and if necessary for the individual's expression to leave all the beaten paths and conventional roads and to strike across country as it were, blazing a trail for himself in a new yet oftentimes archaic style of drawing and color composition which cannot be accused of being in the slightest way academic. Detail studies of decorative backgrounds are special features of the work of this class, whereas in the Du Mond Life Class the background is almost entirely ignored. The attention of the painter is directed entirely to modeling the figure and making it the principal thing of his picture. While it is true that many of the studies of nudes look as if they have been but lately exhumed from a long interment, yet one grows gradually to appreciate their unnatural green, amber and blue tones. The students very seldom use a model in this class; they work up their compositions entirely from the imagination and by combining sketches. The scholar-

ship-winning picture by Mary Bayne, a sort of Adam and Eve, Garden-of-Eden *motif*, is a charming example of the subtle and unique work of this class.

In passing to the Bridgeman Life Class, where anatomical construction used to be the silent slogan of an earnest clan, one notices that, while not despising construction and while the student is just as anxious to attain the "Bridgeman swing" (rhythmic line) in his figure drawing as a Southerner would be to dance the Virginia Reel, yet the introduction of the action pose into this class, [in which the model walks through the classroom assuming various graceful attitudes which the student draws from memory in the manner of the Japanese artists] the introduction of this fleeting pose has added a new zest to drawings that a few years ago were merely careful and laborious studies of the muscular development of torsos and figures. But Mr. Bridgeman realizes that life is movement (especially in New York) and art is life; hence no sleeping academic sluggard accustomed to draw motionless models will find a congenial place in his class! The legend of Rodin's method of having nude models walk up and down the studio, thus studying the supple play of the muscles when the figure is moving, has had a wonderfully regenerating effect upon the students' work. Instructors and students realize more and more that the study of Nature in her unselfconscious moments is the surest way of giving vitality to artistic expression. It is in fact owing to this simple method that Auguste Rodin has attained to the highest place in the Pantheon of modern sculpture, in spite of his rejection by the French Academical schools during his earlier career in Paris.

Very little need be said about the work of the Portrait Classes of the Art Students' League. There is nothing remarkable or notably individual here to merit especial mention. The students are faithful in following along the traditional ruts, worshipping alternately at the shrines of Velasquez, Rembrandt, Franz Hals, etc., or at times (which is worse) they strive to paint in the manner of Henri or Sargent. One notices a more inspired feeling however in the work of the modern class. Before continuing on this war path, mention might be made of the execrable drawings of Indians and cowboys made in the Illustration Classes, the models of which seem to have been wooden figures in front of cigar stands.

In the Arcade Building on Broadway we find a school of an entirely different type, the Independent School. Here is a place that is unique in America and is entirely free from formulas, documents or stipulations. Every man or woman finds there an unobstructed field for personal observation, investigation and experiment. The classes are conducted on a plan which gives the greatest facilities to all. The beginner's own soul will not be warped to fit within the narrow margin of an art creed. It will develop itself naturally from the direct study of nature and not from an inanimate cast. Whatever form of art his personal impulse and temperament will order him to follow, he will be free from the dictating influence of another personality. The head of the school is Homer Boss, the friend and helper of his pupils, rather than their tyrannic pedagogue.

The Modern School is situated on Washington